

RISE AND FALL OF THE CRINOLINE.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.
Paris, Feb. 15.—Is there to be a return of the crinoline?

I will reveal to you a secret: The wise ones of the realm of fashion, those who know that there must be no monotony in style, are whispering among themselves that skirts will shortly be ordained to flare so extensively (no other word expresses it), about the bottom that there must, perforce, be a stiffness that will hold its own.

The history of the rise and fall of the crinoline is interesting. The entire history of dress in the century just closed is interesting. However, that epoch in which crinoline prevailed is what we have to do with for the present.

This has ever been a fact in fashion's world: When a notion has been run to the limit or extreme it is dropped, and there is a gradual getting back to where the notion began. Of late all stiffness has been gradually done away with in our skirts. Even starched petticoats were tabooed. Stiff silks were put by on the shelves and presently trotted out and put on the bargain counter at the lowest possible prices. Then the little seven-inch-wide facing of crinoline at the bottom of the skirt was left out, and there was a flare, a soft and fluffy flare, supplied by ruffles put on a foundation skirt over which the top skirt hung most gracefully. This little flare was found very effective. Everybody liked it. Now the flare is growing, and here we are to the first hint of the crinoline that is to come:

To make the flare a decided flare, an undoubted flare, you will notice—or you would if you were in Paris—that there is featherbone run into the ruffles on both foundation skirts and petticoats.

This is something the way the rise of the crinoline began long ago. I am told by one who remembers the early days of crinoline that nothing short of little iron hoops, or steel if you please, were swung into tucks at the bottom of a skirt to hold it out. Then the skirt was faced up with the stiffest of crinoline. The weight was something terrible. No wonder the backs of the fashionable women were narrow and their shoulders sloping! Fancy carrying such a weight about one's hips!

Finally there was a thinner crinoline put in skirts and the hooped petticoat appeared. This at first only had a few rings about the bottom, but gradually the hoops crept up to the waist, and there you were. In a little time a hoop-skirt came to be spoken of as "a crinoline." No fashionable woman's wardrobe was complete without "a crinoline."

Behold a Summer Girl of the early sixties!

Her likeness is presented on this page. She is here shown in all the glory of her newest Parisian clothes.

The Summer Girl of the early sixties wore a "pineapple lawn" of a buff shade. The favorite figuring for this was a rose, and if among your mother's or grandmother's possessions there is a scrap of one of these French lawns you will behold it with wonder, for there is nothing finer in texture or more delicately beautiful in coloring to be found to-day than one of these lawns. The nearest approach to the fabric nowadays is the lovely organdie that has been employed so fetchingly for a number of summers past in the make-up of airy gowns.

The Summer Girl of the crinoline period wore a big bonnet of leghorn. It came out over her face like a scoop, but it was picturesque and becoming. Against her hair, just in front under the shadow of the brim of her bonnet, there was fastened a cluster of roses. A curtain of lace fell over the edge of the rim. There was a fichu about her shoulders and on her dainty hands there were "lace mitts."

To leave the crinoline a moment, I would ask, have you taken particular notice of the newest hats? Well, if you have you then know that they are extremely flat. In fact, quite crownless. Ask the older women of your acquaintance if they remember the "sun-down" hats of many years ago. These "sun-down" hats were flat and tied down under the chin. They were extremely popular for garden and general outdoor

wear. The "plateau hat" of the present hour suggests this old hat. Here we are again at the extreme of flatness. For a time, you know, we had the extreme of height in our headgear. Presently, I haven't the least doubt, the flat hat will begin to curve around the face and we will be back to the scuttle-shaped bonnet. This, of course, will be modeled to suit the girl of the period, for, not being as demure in pose as the maid of long ago, there will have to be a sort of dash about her bonnet, but then the fashion of demureness may return with the scuttle bonnet. Our manner and our clothes usually harmonize, or they should.

To hark back to crinoline, nothing startling in this line may be expected before the fall. During the spring and summer months the thinnest and softest of fabrics will be made up to swirl and cling and all that sort of thing, but you who dote on such effects had best make the most of them, for the swirling and clinging is at its height, so far, and heights for fashions are dangerous. The fall comes quickly thereafter.

The crinoline that is hinted, merely hinted, at, now mind you, will not extend all the way up to the waist, as in the style here pictured. This is too severe in outline to please the artistic eye of the modern dressmaker. You see we have the fichu with us now, but it is not the prim thing that it was long ago. It is quite coquettish. I cannot associate any sort of coquettishness or frivolity with crinoline, but I will trust to the makers of gowns to manage that.

In the old days of crinoline the long-waisted effect was in vogue. We have lowered our waistlines several inches in the past year, and by the time our skirts are ordered to flare immensely perhaps we will be somewhat reconciled to appearing like an hourglass in outline. There are petticoats now in the process of construction that are ruffled up as high as the knee. These ruffles are corded and stand out very well. These latest underskirts will be worn with the first gowns that will be seen about the close of summer.

MARIE ARMSTRONG.

Quaint
Embroidered
Swisses
Are
Among
the
Summer
Fabrics.



In the
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THE NEWEST HATS AND THEIR ANGLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The flat toque with trimming bunched directly in front is not meant to be worn with hair dressed in "Madonna" bands. This toque to look well must be put on the head just right, and the hair must be full and fluffy about the face, not exactly a pompadour arrangement, but brushed back loosely.

One of these flat toques if put on with a tilt to one side or worn too far over the face is decidedly rakish in effect.

If you are going to wear a flat toque do place it on your head at the proper angle.

The flat hats with wide rims are meant to set back from the face. They are so trimmed that there is a lift at the front. The hat that is lifted at the side is designed to have a sideways tilt. If this is put on the head straight and square it is robbed of much of its style.

There is an art in wearing a hat. You have seen, I know, a woman unpin from her hair in a milliner's shop a hat that had not a suggestion of style about it, when on her head, and another woman pinning it up might set it on her head at a proper angle and the hat would be transformed, its air becoming really quite jaunty, when a moment before it appeared to be the most commonplace.

There are big choux on the newest toques and these take the form of flowers. They are made of chiffon, lisse or thin silk. White and black choux are immensely smart. The white ones have black centers and are stitched with black, and the black ones have white centers and white stitching. Many of the toques, in fact the majority of them, are made of crinoline that permits of effective folds, and covered with thin stuffs or woven network of chenille. There is a straw lace that is used in making many of the loveliest toques this spring. This in a deep yellow tint makes a very stylish hat when

trimmed with black velvet and roses violets.

There are many hats and toques now that come under the head of "tailored." The tailored hat is stitched. It may be of cloth or silk or some gauzy stuff, but stitched it is in rows or in fine tucks or corded. The black taffeta hat is the newest in the tailored lot, and one, too, that will fill a long felt want in millinery. It is a good "shirt-waist" hat. It is such a practical little top-piece that it goes nicely with the plainest of blouses, at the same time being dressy enough for afternoon wear. In fact, the taffeta hat is a good all-day hat. It is not at all out of place in the evening, if one chooses to wear it.

At present it is trimmed with black flowers. Later it will be colorful with roses red, or any other flower preferred. An imported black taffeta hat, run with small cords, crown and brim, is trimmed with a fine white lace scarf. The lace is twisted about the crown with a scallop just peeping over the rolled-up brim. The scarf is bunched a little bit to one side of the front with soft loops of black velvet and some black poppies with yellow centers.

While there are other shapes in the black taffeta hats the round one, something like the Spanish turban, is the one most favored. The Spanish turban has another name or two. One is the gypsy turban and the other the Bendel hat.

Milliners who have just returned from abroad, bringing with them patterns, and ideas galore jotted down in their mental note-books, say that heaps and heaps of tulle will be used on the dressy hats; so much tulle that there will be a massive look. And flowers—there will simply be no end of flowers. Great big flowers will be the rule.

Besides the gypsy turban there is the gypsy hat. This turns up to form a flaring angle at the side. This flare will be used by the milliner as a background for flowers. A most becoming arrangement this to the face.

Roses will be massed against a background of their leaves in shaded tints. Very smart and dressy little hats will have no other trimming than shaded rose leaves and loops of black velvet. The gypsy hat will have a wreath around the crown with the loops of ribbon or other trimming used to give a little height, placed at one side. The mass of floral decoration beneath the side of the brim will be the main point of display.

There will be need this summer for a hat of rustic effect. This more than ever before, for the fabrics that are to be most in vogue are of a thin cotton sort. The close association we have lately had with the Philippines is responsible for this. Indeed there is to be a flat-topped hat that is distinctly and characteristically Philippine. The wives of American officers and officials have discovered the beauties of the fabrics used by the women in the Philippines and their artistic possibilities. There are pineapple cloth, banana cloth and grass cloth. These cloths have been found not to lose their luster by washing. In fact laundering improves their sheen.

With the grass cloth and pineapple cloth gowns a gypsy hat will be in keeping. And besides the fabrics referred to, there are no end of American cotton stuffs and linens, too, that are going to be worn upon evening occasions, as well as in the daytime. So beautiful are the cotton materials that silks are no longer sought as the only desiderata. In a climate as mild as this when once winter is gone there is more use for cotton gowns than for any other sort. Occasionally between spring and genuine summer there is need of a light silk or sheer wool frock, but the dainty woman longs for airy cotton dresses, and usually gets into them at the earliest possible moment.

It is not a daring venture to predict that the leading hat will be the gypsy hat—the flat hat as to crown, becomingly broad as to brim and simplicity itself as to trimming.

M. H. J.

A Summer Girl of the Early Sixties Wore a Pineapple Lawn Over a Crinoline, or Hoopskirt, and a Big, Though Becoming, Bonnet of Leghorn.

THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

One Housekeeper Says She Has Never Found Any Difficulty in Solving It.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

They had not time to discuss the "servant question," or, to put it in its more lofty form, the "problem of domestic service." Indeed, it was quite by accident that the topic was stumbled upon.

It came about something after this wise: They were six matrons, all housekeepers, not one of them approving the now rather popular way of shunning housekeeping by going to boarding, and they had met at the home of one of the six for a quiet little luncheon. There was not a faddist among them. Had there been, there might have appeared on the scene some genius of one sort or another to entertain them, in a properly subdued Lenten way, to be sure, but, nevertheless, entertain them. To tell the exact truth, the entire little bunch represented women who would stand forth prominently anywhere as types of good housekeepers and lovable homemakers. The luncheon that was served was delightfully plain, and perfect in all its appointments.

ments was the table. The maid came and went so easily that one was hardly conscious of a maid at all, only realizing that all the good things came as if by magic. Not a spoon rattled against a cup, and one did not have to shift about in her chair to make room for the white capped and aproned young woman to remove the dishes. It was known to the other five women of that little party as well as it was to the sixth one—she whose guests the other five were—that but one maid was kept in that household.

The youngest of the number—the little woman in an ashes-of-roses dress, who has been a housekeeper for only a year—ventured to ask after luncheon, "How do you do it?"

The matron with the treasure of a maid said: "Oh, easily enough. You can train any intelligent girl to work with system and, consequently, with ease." The other women listened attentively.

"Of course," continued the matron, "you cannot expect a woman to come into your house and at once do things just as you would have them done. Perhaps your ways have never been hers, nor those of any former mistress. And again, you must remember that you yourself could not accomplish anything well if you were hurried from this thing to that; and to work well, too, one must have one's heart in one's work. There has never been any problem to me about domestic service. I try to make the young women who have done my cooking and cleaning feel at home, as much as that is possible. So far as I can I remove the feeling of servant and mistress. I have tried to have the maids in my house understand that I consider their occupation a worthy one, provided the work they undertake is well done. And, another thing—I look after their health and comfort. "I have found that all this has been gratefully received, and when a girl leaves my employ she is always anxious to have some friend of hers take her place. As a consequence, since my first housekeeping

days I have never been without good helpers in my household."

I once had a peep into the bedchamber of this housekeeper's maids. At the time there were two, because the family was larger than it is now. In this room there were two little iron beds, two small dressing tables and two wardrobes. There was white matting on the floor and several bright cotton rugs. There was a small table on which there was a good, shaded lamp. On the wall there was a set of book shelves holding a number of good and interesting books. The chairs were of a very comfortable sort. A neat and dainty enough room, indeed, to please any woman, an attractive room in which to spend an hour reading, sewing or resting.

The woman who has solved the problem of domestic service, or, rather, never found any problem existing along this line, will not, I know, ever take to the platform to tell other women "how I did it." That her light may shine abroad I have taken the liberty of giving away a little of her secret.

From a far-away home, maybe from across seas, the woman who broils your steak and sweeps your room has come. To you she is nothing more than "the girl." Maybe there are times when she remembers the little home so far away and longs for it once again. She was brave to cross the waters all alone and come to a strange land, where wages were to be earned.

She was prompted to do this that the "folks at home" might find life a more cheerful and hopeful thing when she was able to send them a few dollars every month to pay the rent or buy clothes for the younger children. To provide these comforts for the "folks at home" she must, of necessity, practice much self-denial.

Down in the bottom of the heart of even the humblest woman there is a love of pretty things—frocks that are ruffled and beribboned and fit well. Nobody thinks to find out from "the girl" what her hopes and plans and disappointments or joys are. From sun-up to sundown she must go blithely about her work; that she does or does not is all that interests you.

Maybe sometimes "the girl" in the kitchen longs for the little sitting-room in her mother's home, and for the old mother who

knew so well how to make her comfortable when she was not feeling well. Often, perhaps, there comes a recollection of the Sundays when, after church, the neighborhood lads and lassies would walk home with her and they would have a merry time. She recalls all this, maybe, when a prospective employer asks of her, "Do you have much company?" Very truthfully the prospective "hired girl" answers, "None at all. I am a stranger here." This reply does not excite any sympathy on the part of the prospective mistress. She is delighted at the lonely situation of the applicant for the post of domestic in her house.

A poorly heated and poorly lighted room is not conducive to a good and cheerful temper after a day of hard work; neither is an uncomfortable bed with scant covers likely to bring about restful sleep—the sort that fits one so well for the next day's exertions. No recreation and no companionship is hardly the remedy for impatience.

Be sure that "the girl" in your service is not enduring one or all of these misfortunes, and you have already done much to solve the problem of domestic service—a

problem that has for long seemed to especially confront the American housekeeper. And this reminds me, speaking of the American housekeeper and her especial woes, I am told that in England there is no "domestic problem"; and I am further told that in England wages are not so good as here, but that domestic servants are treated courteously by their mistresses—that is, they have a few recognized rights which are respected, and that the household work is so divided that one maid will not have to assume it all.

In France and Germany, from all reports of returned travelers, the maid in domestic service is rather a happy and contented body, remaining in the employ of one mistress so many years, usually, that the American woman raises her eyebrows in astonishment when told how many.

So many "problems" are solved through just interest, kindness and consideration for the feelings of others that it might be worth while to apply these remedies to the problem of domestic service. But, whatever your views, the views of the sensible woman I have quoted are commendable. I for one, commend them.